

Mourner Weep
SONG

Composed for the

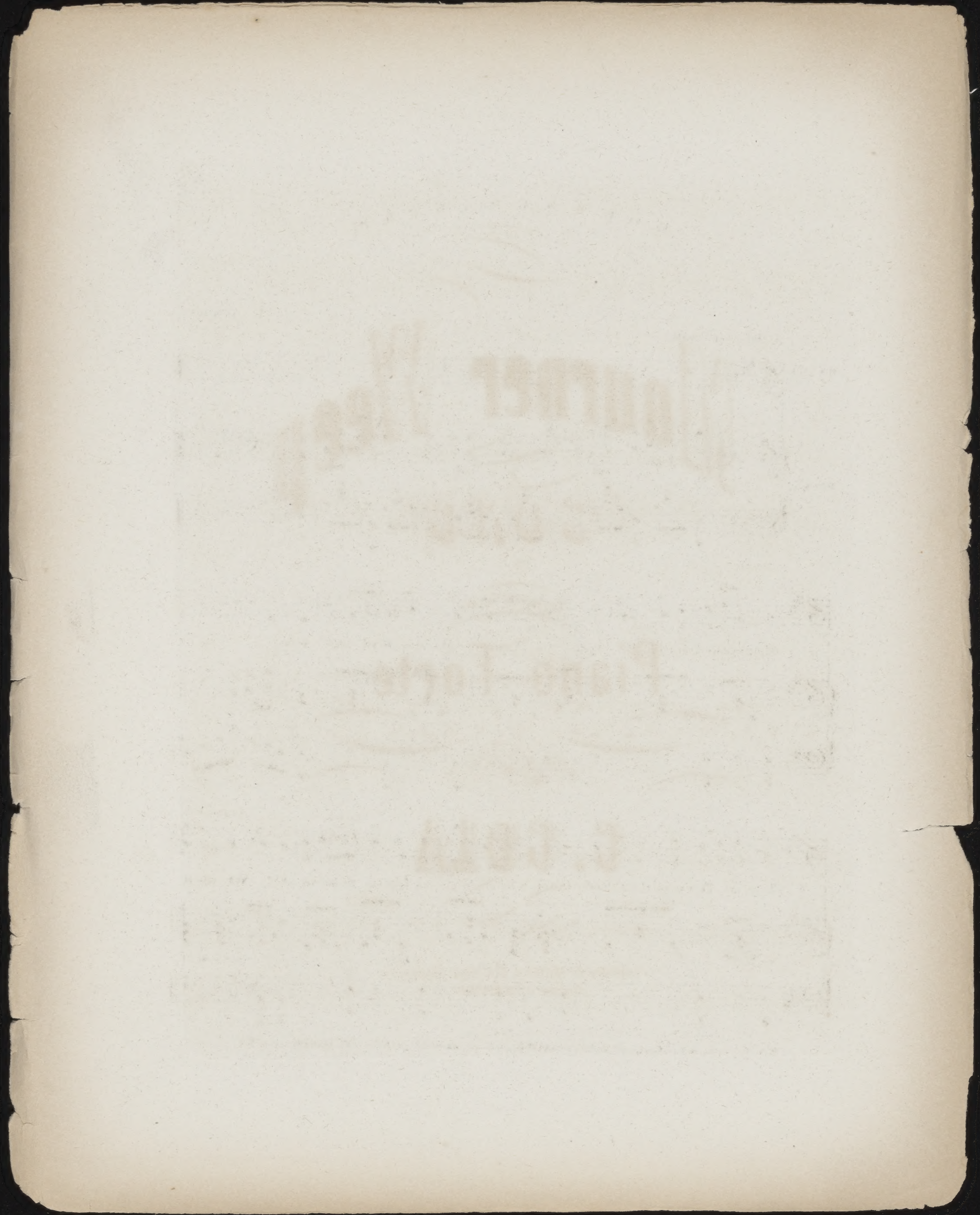
Piano Forte

by

C. COLA

38¢ net

Published by MILLER & BEACHAM Baltimore
Successor to F.D. BENTEN



MOURNER, WEEP!

C. GOLA.

Andante sostenuto.

CANTO

PIANO

p

Mourner weep at midnight hour Pensive sadness need not hide

p

Tears may flow when night clouds lower None to mock them no none to chide Yet when

Cres. Dolce. Accelerando.

Cres. Dim. Accelerando.

2538

Entered according to Act of Congress in the Year 1853 by Miller & Beacham in the Clerks Office of the District Court of Md.

un poco. *Cres.*

brightly . . . dawns the mor - row And the joy - ous . . . sun-beams play Mourner

un poco.

Cres. *f* *Rall.* *12 tempo.*

cease . . . those notes of sor - row Be thy night too changed to day Yet when

Cres. *f* *Rall.* *12 tempo.*

brightly dawns the mor - row And the joy - - ous sun-beams play . . . Mourner

cease thy notes of sor - - row Be thy night . . . too changed to day Mourner

sf *Dim.* 2538

5

cease . . thy notes of sorrow Be thy night too changed, too changed to day.

f

Cres.

Mourner weep the gay world's slum'bring Grief and thou a - lone are waking

p

Angels all thy woes are num'bring Woes by man forgot, woes by man for - saken Yet when

Cres. *Dim.* *Accelerando*

2538

un poco. Cres. Dim.

fringe . . . of morning gladness Skirts the gloo-my robe of night Mourner

un poco.

Cres. Rall. 12 tempo.

cease . . . those notes of sadness Be thy dark-ness changed to light Yet when

Cres. f Dim. Rall.

fringe of morning glad-ness Skirts the gloo-my robe of night Mourner

cease those notes of sad-ness Be thy dark- - - ness changed to light Mourner

2538

cease those notes of sadness Be thy darkness changed to

light.

p Calando

THIRD VERSE.

Mortal weep the night clouds' o'er thee Sin's dark tempest sor- - row's gloom

Accelerando.

Scarce yon moonlight tracks be-fore thee One rough pathway to the tomb Yet press

on . . . When brightest dawning With immortal . . glories rife Shall have changed this night to

Rall. 10 tempo.

morning Bethy death too changed to life Yet press on . . . When brightest dawning With im - mor - tal

glo-ries rife Shall have changed this night to morning Bethy death too changed to life Shall have

changed this night to morning Be thy death too changed, too changed to life.

